

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

NEVER did the scenes on the world's stage change so quickly as now. Let us forget the bitterness of the days in which we live and remember simply what changes they have seen. Life has become a kaleidoscope—the turn of a wheel and the transformation is complete.

We have become so used to strange events that they cease to startle us. Nobody is surprised at anything. It seems as natural that Mr Churchill should be addressing Congress as that he should be speaking in the House of Commons. Hour by hour ships are sinking, planes are crashing, cities are burning, but we talk little of it, for we are weary of the news.

We were wondering before the war whether men would fly to America in a day, and it has become so common that a man sitting down at lunch with us would hardly mention that he had breakfast in New York yesterday. Many of us remember when American affairs seemed as remote in this country as the affairs of Tibet; today its news is as familiar as our own, its public men are constantly in London, its newspaper opinions are known to us day by day, and we have only to switch on to hear American voices when we will.

The Duke of Kent

Perhaps it was the Isolationists who cut us off from the United States; but we have seen the idea of Isolation perish after a life of 150 years. Strange that with it has gone its Opposite Number in Europe, the League of Nations. It was the hope of the world, and it has disappeared from the stage of events.

The tragic fate of the Duke of Kent, the sudden ending of one of the most useful and sacrificing lives on the dramatic stage of the world, reminds us of the changes that come over the scene in brief spells of time. Here was a popular Prince of our royal house, the King's youngest brother, thinking no service too difficult, no task too far off; representing his country in a hundred ways and thinking nothing of his rank if he could be of use. He is flying to Iceland when the aeroplane hits a mountain and this young life is lost to human history.

How pathetic it is to see great figures passing now, leaving their country stricken and all mankind in the grip of evil things! Do you remember the prayer of George R. Sims as his life approached its end in the last great war?

*GOD of my fathers, now the day
Draws near when I must leave the land
Wherein I trod life's pleasant way,
And leave my dear ones in Thy hand.
Grant that mine eyes, so soon to close,
May see, by Thy almighty will,
The land I love by England's foes
Unslurred still.*

*SOON must I pass to where my dead,
Born of the soil I proudly trod,
Wait, where no tears of grief are shed,
To greet me round the throne of God.
Lord, let me pass behind the veil
From that dear land they loved so well
Unconquered still, and with no tale
Of shame to tell.*

So there have passed already from our midst a glorious company of this country's sons and friends, all leaving us in our Island's darkest hour. Perhaps it will help us to recall a few of them.

The man who declared war on evil things has left us, the honest Neville Chamberlain. The man who interpreted the spirit of the Island to the Great Republic has gone, Lord Lothian. The man who gave a noble vision to our Youth and prepared it for the hard days coming on has become an imperishable memory among us, Lord Baden-Powell. That dreamer of empire and teller of tales, John Buchan, has joined the immortals. The benefactor ever ready for a good cause languishing is with us no more, Lord Wakefield. The matchless man of whom no man ever spoke ill, Lord Stamp, has fallen a victim to a German bomb. The man who tried to stop the war, George Lansbury, has fallen while it rages. The man who cheered us every time he spoke or played, who filled the air with melody and the heart with hope, Sir Wallford Davies, has heard the trumpets sounding for him on the other side.

Impressive Procession

Those three most brilliant scientists, Sir William Bragg, Sir Joseph Thomson, and Sir Oliver Lodge, are no more with us: one was the wisest man in the world on Light, one the wisest on the Atom, one was the fore-runner of our Wireless Age. Two of our chief Empire statesmen are lost to us, Lord Willingdon and Lord Lloyd, both worth their weight in gold in these days. Gone also is Sir Wilfrid Grenfell, beloved in Labrador by the fishermen of its lonely coast; Dr Hagbert Wright, builder up of the finest working library for English writers; J. A. Spender, for half a century like a beacon of culture and progress in Fleet Street; Lord Rothermere, who warned us that this world-storm was coming, crying out day after day to those who would not listen.

It is an impressive procession of great lives that has gone from us, and we have also seen a new Archbishop of Canterbury, a new Bishop of London, and a new head of the Salvation Army. Ministers have come and gone, Generals have risen to heights of fame and passed from the public eye, even Lord Beaverbrook has been up and down. We have seen kings leave their thrones and wander in exile, homeless and unwanted, or honoured as noble refugees; and have watched with delight the rise of Wendell Willkie, who lost the White House but captured the world.

Nation of Early Risers

We have seen bombs fall on the House of Commons and Buckingham Palace, on the homes of Parliament and the King; and have seen them crash into the Abbey and St Paul's, the sacred shrines of the English-speaking race. And the map of the world has been turned upside-down, for where are all the Eastern Strongholds marked red in our school books, and all the independent peoples of the Continent? The American flag flies from British Bases, the American Army lands in Australia, America votes ten thousand million dollars for the defence of Britain. The filthy swastika flies on the Acropolis of Athens, and millions of tons of ships which once flew it at their mastheads lie at the bottom of the sea.

As for us, we are not surprised to hear that the Prime Minister is in Cairo with the soldiers, or in Moscow with Stalin, or in Teheran with the Shah, or in mid-Atlantic talking to the President, or in Washington

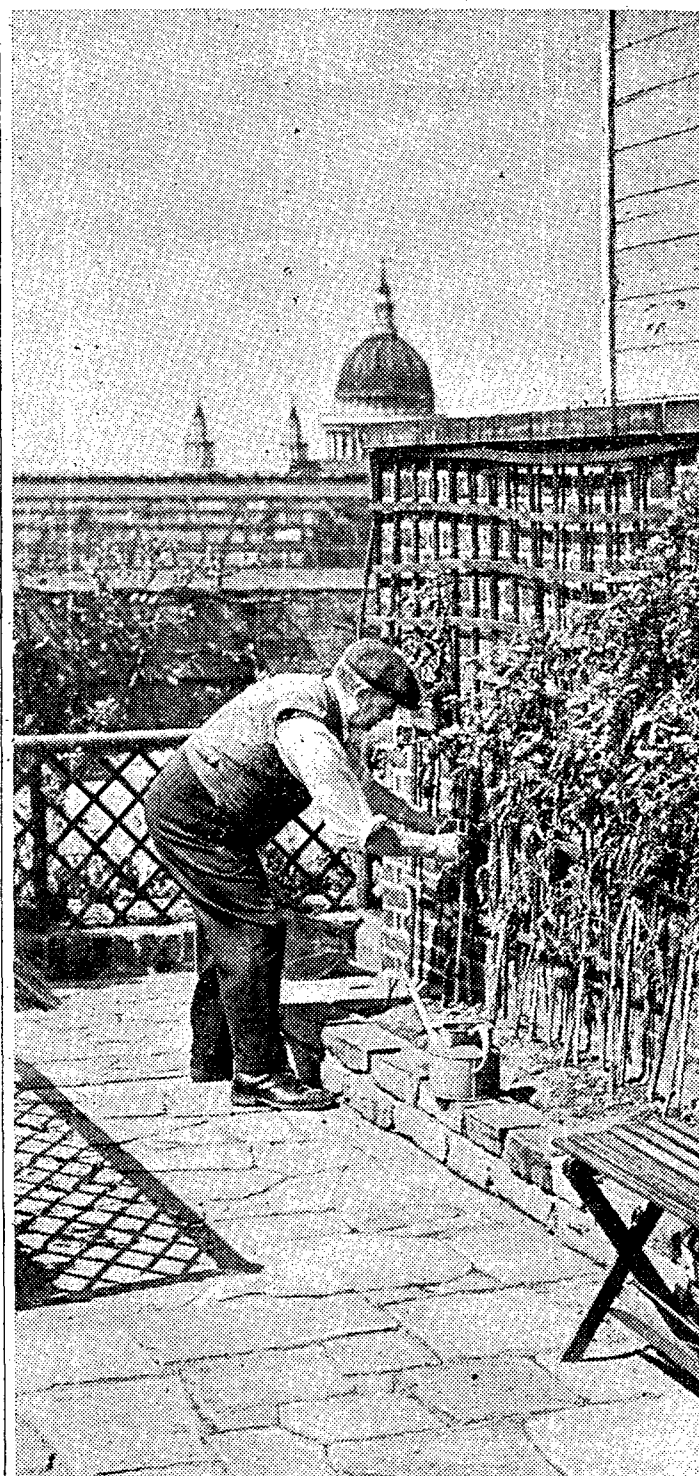
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Garden and the Dome



Tomatoes on a City of London roof

Continued from the previous column
talking to Congress. His secret journeys have taken him already a distance more than round the world. All Napoleon could do was to ride on a horse; Mr Churchill mounts his magic carpet and rides on the clouds, and General Smuts nips up from the Cape to meet him. On Sunday night the Prime Minister is swimming in Cairo; on Monday night he is back in Downing Street.

Indeed it is a kaleidoscopic world, with revolution at its height. We have almost forgotten to say that we have all learned to get up at five or six in the morning by a trick of the clock. If we can do that we can do anything, and we may yet become a nation of early risers in a warless world, rising and resting with the sun, still citizens of the Empire on which it never sets.

Arthur Mee

BABEL AT THE ROUND POND

THE Round Pond in Kensington Gardens has become a truly international stretch of water in these days. Children from Gibraltar share its delights with small exiles from Germany, Austria, France, Holland, Norway, Belgium, and even Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Greece.

You may hear a dozen foreign tongues spoken at the Pond as the boys and girls shout and scream out to each other, or as their parents, sunning themselves in the September light, call out to them not to fall in or get wet.

But of course they do fall in, they do get wet, in a dozen languages. What is more, they have the same fun and sport in any language as the English children. The Polish for catching a tiddler may be unpronounceable for English tongues, but it is still the same kind of fun. And the implements are the same, too. A bottle, a cheap landing net, a length of string on a stick for a fishing-rod. And the boats...

Few toys are being manufactured today, but how ingenious are these home-made boats the boys produce, fashioned maybe by the loving hand of a father serving with his own

Navy, Army, or Air Force within our hospitable and liberty-loving shores. Merchant-vessels, battleships, torpedo-boats, transports, yachts, even submarines, all are to be seen, navigating the waters Barrie loved so well.

If he were alive today what stories he might write about these little exiles, playing so happily by the Round Pond after such deliverance from torture and tyranny!

And when these small guests of ours are grown men and women, what talks they will have to tell to their own children of the days when they shared Kensington's sailing-pond with the children of London Town!

Perhaps they will produce a Barrie of their own, to give us a new story of Peter Pan in time of war, which will delight the boys and girls of all Europe when we are all at peace again.

Whence? Whither? Why?

PERHAPS in no part of the country would an enemy agent who relied on directions from local inhabitants have more difficulty than in the West Country.

He might be disguised as a nun, a clergyman, or a British officer—no matter, West Country folk have always been notorious for asking a number of leading questions before putting those who inquire the way on the track.

Up-country visitors have often remarked that when they have sought road directions they have invariably been interrogated as to whence they had come, whither they were bound, and the purpose of their mission before the desired information was released, and only then if the answers gave satisfaction.

A commercial traveller who once missed his way on Bodmin Moor tapped at a cottage window. "Who's there?" came a voice from inside. "I've lost my way to Redruth," was the reply.

UK and US

Our population is one-third of the population of the United States, our great partner in the war.

Yet we are producing munitions at the rate of twice as much as our partner, and aircraft at the same double rate.

To reach our level of production America must have forty million people working for the Government.

And it is to be remembered that under Lease-Lend we have paid for most of what we have received.

The Granary of Time

On the outer door of a busy man's office in St James's Square are painted these words:

From the little granary of time which is merely a span of a few brief hours, from morning to evening many duties must be fed with their day's portion of the golden grain, and therefore the surplus is but scant.

The Steel Flange Men

At Bay City, Michigan, there is a plant for making steel flanges for war machinery. The entire staff consists of Mr Jake Sparling, aged 60, and Percy Fogelsonger, aged 79.

Mr Sparling wrote to President Roosevelt saying that the staff had been working for 15 hours a day for seven days a week and had made 18,000 flanges. The letter continued: "The old gent and myself would like a pennant such as the War Production Board gives to plants for meritorious performance."

The letter was sent on by the President to Mr Donald Nelson, who sent the desired pennant to Mr Sparling, and placed the Sparling plant at the head of the war production list "in recognition of the example which the entire working force of your plant is setting for the rest of the nation."

Whenever Mr Sparling needs any money he draws it from the company which uses his flanges. He takes out "what we need for grub and living expenses, and buy war bonds with what's left."

THIRTY MEN IN THE HARVEST FIELD

Everybody to the Harvest Field has been the cry, and in Sussex has been seen the remarkable sight of a motor-coach filled with prisoners from Lewes Gaol going every morning to the farms.

About thirty of the men appealed to the Governor of the Prison to be allowed to help in winning the war, and the scheme for using their labour was approved by the Sussex War Agricultural Committee.

The men were put on their honour not to try to escape, and they were not paid, the farmers paying the money to the Government. We must feel that there is something peculiarly English in this trusting a law-breaker to help the Government in the fight for law and order.

Darby Passes On

Four years ago the C N sent its greetings to two of its oldest readers, who were keeping their Diamond Jubilee; they were Darby and Joan of Dundee. Mr and Mrs W. R. Scott. Now Darby has passed on to his inheritance and left his Joan alone.

Yet she is not alone, for she has the consolation of a lifetime of noble memories, and the proud satisfaction of knowing that her Darby, J.P. of Dundee, faithful worker for the Church of Scotland, friend of the workers in the mills and poor folk everywhere, has left behind him an influence that goes on like a river, carrying its power into a multitude of lives.

A few more weeks and he would have scored his 90, and it may truly be said that through all his long life Mr Scott went about doing good.

THINGS SEEN

A collie dog carrying a tabby kitten in a basket at Exeter.

A nest of mice in the wireless set of a house shut up for some weeks.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE Nazis in Norway, having thrown Nansen's son into a Concentration camp, have now arrested Nansen's daughter.

The Legion of Honour, the legion of the brave of France, is dead, abolished by Laval, the tool of Hitler.

Wooden tyres are being used on motor vans in some American States.

In every European country the number of imitation or substitute foods is increasing; in Belgium as many as 300 food substitutes are on sale, including 57 varieties of imitation "coffee."

Before the war there were about 7000 people in this country with £6000 a year net; today there are only 80.

Small wage-earners are now paying £270,000,000 a year in income tax.

The President of the Yorkshire miners declares that the small number of absentees from the pits are quislings living on the courage of braver men.

In three years the children of Great Britain have saved for the country thirty million pounds.

Miners are to have a bonus in cases where the output of coal improves.

YALE UNIVERSITY has received a legacy of phonograph records with the voices of Mr Gladstone, Florence Nightingale, Queen Victoria, and others.

A mother and her child have reached England as refugees after a journey of 15,000 miles from Malaya.

Scout and Guide News Reel

Six hundred Middlesex Scouts, working in Worcestershire in relays of a hundred each week, hope to pick a million pounds of plums.

Invalid Guides of Yorkshire, and Lone Guides who live too far from a Company for active membership, have together collected £5 for Mrs Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund and £15 for the Sailors Aid Society.

More than seven tons of potatoes were picked and sorted by the 1st Cheadle Hulme Scouts at a farm camp, where they also helped with the harvest.

3500 man-hours have been worked by Scouts of the 6th Finchley Troop in the salvage of waste paper.

A LITTLE BOY OF SEVEN

A little boy of seven strolled on to a railway bridge in a suburb of Brussels, Schaerbeek, all unconscious of the fact that the bridge was closed to civilians under the New Order.

A Nazi sentry called out to the little fellow, but the child apparently did not understand, whereupon the Nazi shot the boy dead.

The Slave State

Still believing himself to have a future, Hitler has taken one more step to fix the shackles on the German people.

He has already set up for himself a private army of his own Storm-Troopers, who will shoot down the German people should they attempt to rise against him, and has now appointed a new Minister of Justice (Herr Thierack) who is to have all power within the State, able to disregard the existing law whenever he chooses!

CHIANG KAI-SHEK is now appearing side by side with Abraham Lincoln on an American postage stamp.

Road deaths in June were 437 compared with 618 in June last year; the injured, 11,096, were 4089 fewer than in the previous June.

The North American convoy route is now shared almost equally by the American, British, and Canadian navies.

Seven children of Heywood in Lancashire have collected 1000 books for salvage in three days from about 100 houses.

SAFETY shelters are now being built in London from 100 to 300 feet below ground, with hospitals, shops, restaurants, and telephones.

A new sense of security has come over Australia with the Americans in possession of the Solomon Islands.

The United States has saved enough cloth to make 150,000 uniforms for its soldiers by doing away with the turn-ups on the army's trousers.

The champion gardener this year for Denham and district in Buckinghamshire is Tom Powell, who is armless as the result of an accident he had in a factory at the age of 21.

Children at Smarden school in Kent have collected over 3000 white butterflies, the enemy of cabbages; Gerald Underdown, aged 11, netted half the total with 1631.

Rather than deprive war-workers of seats in bus or train, six Scouts of the 1st Ashington Troop hiked 13 miles in the pouring rain to their camp.

Twenty-one Gloucester Guides prepared meals during a week's camp for Naval and Army Cadets; they also joined in some of the lectures and exercises.

AFTER the raids on Weston-super-Mare, Rangers and Guides reported at the WVS offices each morning for a week and carried out numerous useful services.

The 9th Doncaster Scouts have established a permanent week-end camp from which a newly-formed mobile harvesting troop will visit farms needing help.

A SCHOOL AND A SHIP

A bond of friendship by letter exists between the girls of St Wilfrid's Church of England Convent School at Exeter and the crew of H M S Shikari, a 23-year-old destroyer. Different Forms in the school take it in turn to send parcels to members of the ship's company, and many letters pass between them.

Recently the school collected £2500 to present the ship "with at least one new gun," as their letter of presentation puts it.

A Royal Surprise

When the King of Norway went down to breakfast on his birthday there was a parcel on his table. He opened it, and found to his joy and surprise that it was a little history of Norway, written as an inspiration and comfort for him in his exile. The birthday gift was the result of an Englishman's kindly thought.

The Children's Newspaper, September 12, 1942

Vegetable Number One

THE Ministry of Food is spending time and money in booming potatoes, and well they deserve to be boomed. We can grow all we want of them; we have many in hand, and this year's crop is going to be the biggest, and best ever raised.

In 1939 we grew about five million tons; in 1940 we beat this figure by another million and made a record. In 1941 we again made a potato increase of a million tons, and now the best crop ever is on the way.

Restaurants are being urged to serve bigger helpings of potatoes

instead of rolls and butter. This sort of action raised to the million scale can really do something seriously for the war effort.

Dr Charles Hill insists on the importance of eating potatoes, for both adults and children. They are Vegetable Number One, for they are not only fuel food for the human body, but have a nitrogenous content like bread and a reasonable amount of Vitamin C, the anti-scurvy vitamin which gives us a clear complexion and bright eyes. It is not true, adds Dr Hill, that potatoes make you fat.

PLUMBER'S DELIGHT

Plumber's Delight is what the U.S. Forest Service, always apt at nicknames, calls the new kind of simplified radio aerial for the use of Fire Wardens who patrol the great forests.

It is so named because any plumber could put it up in a few minutes with no more equipment than a lead pipe and a fishing rod, and no other gadgets than could be found in the humblest forest-shack. With this receiver messages can be caught up by the forest ranger, telling him where he is wanted and for what kind of fire. The contraption is about seven feet high.

Six Little Elm Trees

It has been suggested that children and their elders who are still holidaying should turn some of their leisure to account by gathering seeds of flowers in gardens and scattering them on unsightly ruined sites.

Nature is already at work seeking to hide these depressing scars, but her choice of seeds is not always acceptable to lovers of beauty and tidiness. One of our readers pulled up in a single border this summer 206 little plants of groundsel which had arisen from seeds blown from a

deserted garden, flattering himself that this would free him from similar worries for the rest of the season; but within a month he had to do his work again, and this time his haul from the same small plot was 325 groundsel, dozens of which were already in flower. The war against weeds must be waged unceasingly.

Yet he considers that his score against Nature's wild ways is made good by the fact that in his garden six delightful little elm trees are springing up from seeds borne to him on the wings of the wind.

LET US SEE ST PAUL'S

The Dean of St Paul's is reported to have said, and we believe him, that "people are determined that St Paul's Cathedral shall not be again smothered and hidden from us."

The Dean would love to see Wren's beautiful church set in lawns and tree-lined avenues with only a few houses in the immediate vicinity. The object of the plan would be to provide the space and light necessary to reveal the cathedral from every angle.

It was, of course, the design of Christopher Wren to place the cathedral centrally in a great square. We have now the opportunity to do justice to this fine monument, and it is to be hoped that it will never be hidden again in a mass of commonplace buildings.

THE FLYING CROSS

Have you seen the flying cross? In their flights over Britain Spitfire squadrons of the Fighting French have been using a new formation. It consists of six planes flying in line astern with another plane on each side of the second in line and two more on each side of the fourth in line.

This formation represents the familiar Cross of Lorraine, symbol of the Fighting French, and it is used by them as a sign to the British people that the French are taking their daily part in the liberation attacks. When flying over France, of course, the squadrons adopt the more familiar attack formations.

BEDROOM WINDOW GARDEN

The task of growing for victory need not, it seems, be all confined to the garden or the ground floor.

We noticed on the sill of a bedroom window four stout pots, each with a tomato plant growing in it. The plants are cut to the right number of stems, and all superfluous foliage has been pruned away, so that tomatoes cover the plants almost from the root to the crown, reddening trusses at the bottom, golden tomatoes higher up, and green swelling tomatoes at the top; from ten pounds to a stone of fruit to each pot, at a time when the price in the shops was 1s 2d a pound.

The window faces south, so that there was no fear of cold winds, and the crop profited by abundance of sunshine, while the condition of things showed that the watering had been done with care and knowledge. That bedroom window harvest represented from £2 to £3 in value, and no nurseryman in Kent or Sussex, growing his produce under glass, has finer tomatoes to show than are ripening in a stricken London street.



Land girls at work on a big farm at Epsom which supplies food for London hospitals

LONG AGO

A number of German soldiers were admiring the ancient Viking ship to be seen in Oslo.

A small Norwegian boy standing by asked the Germans, "Do you like our ship?"

"Yes," they replied; "she is magnificent."

"I think so, too," said the boy. "It was in ships like that that we used to invade England a thousand years ago."

THE NATIVE'S MITE

A native of the Transvaal had got together with the help of his wife a sum of ten shillings.

They wanted to pay this into the war fund of the Governor-General, so the man walked 80 miles to carry out their wish.

THE WAY OF A BOOK

Of the adventures of a book there is no end.

A signman on the North-West Frontier of India has just written to the Editor to say that he walked into a bookshop at Abbottabad and found there a copy of Arthur Mee's volume on the East Riding of Yorkshire, which he was delighted to find because he was able to post it to his Yorkshire uncle in South Africa, who has not seen his native county for over 40 years.

So this book, which Hodder & Stoughton published only a month or two ago, has found its way across a war-worn world from Europe to Asia, and is now on its way to Africa.

The Trout Convoy

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

WE are proud of our convoy system, but we humans are not alone in this idea, for even the fishes of our quiet rivers have a convoy system to protect their food.

Everyone who visits the rare old Derbyshire town of Bakewell goes to see the trout which lie basking in the sunny waters under the arches of the 17th century packhorse bridge.

The other day a C.N. reader watched the fish convoy in action. As usual, a visitor was throwing a few crumbs to the fish, and as soon as she began a flotilla of 16 ducks came bearing down to get their share. But the trout were not having them. As soon as they reached the area where the crumbs were falling, several bigger fish detached themselves from the main group, and, sailing out to the oncoming ducks, suddenly turned and began to thrash the water violently with their tails, sailing round as they did so. This manoeuvre effectively kept the poor ducks away from the area where the trout were feeding.

FACTORY PADRE

Factory padres are becoming more and more numerous, and it seems likely that they have come to stay—a war idea to help workers with their personal problems. Scores of Lancashire cotton mills and engineering works have now their own padre, and the same is true of Yorkshire.

FRANCE SHALL RISE

As in England we sometimes speak of a French window or French polish, so the people of France speak of an English pin for a safety-pin, and a clef anglaise (English key) for a spanner. Patriotic French people are now wearing brooches showing a swastika being crushed by a spanner, an English key.

BLACKOUT LIGHT

Interesting news awaits the Americans, who will have to blackout during this winter. It is of a new kind of blackout cloth. The fabric is phosphorescent on one side, and so casts a faint light in the room which it blacks out. But if this is rather too dim for common employment other uses can be found for it. It can be laid on the sides of flights of stairs, and on the stair treads, or put in strips along the wall. It is in appearance rather like oil-cloth.

NEXT TOWN, PLEASE

Todmorden in Yorkshire has had an idea, tried it out, and found it satisfactory. To support the town's wartime charities its workpeople have willingly agreed to have twopence taken from their weekly wages, the money going to a central organisation, where it is divided among various causes.

Grants have already been made to the Red Cross, Mrs Churchill's Aid for Russia Fund, the YMCA, and the Air Raid Distress Fund; and already this one town has given over £12,000.

STATE OR PRIVATE ENTERPRISE?

Mr Samuel Courtauld, the well-known artificial silk manufacturer, has been speaking of State as compared with private enterprise.

He favours State control of industrial siting and the intake of labour. He also thinks that there is much to be said for control of transport and the nationalisation of coal mines. As to nationalisation of productive industry and manufacturing, however, that is a far more difficult problem for the State to tackle, he declared, for industry, to be successful, depends on individual originality, courage, and enterprise.

Some of those who agree with Mr Courtauld do not ask for direct State management of industry; what they suggest is that the State should be represented on the Boards of Directors of trading companies, or the formation of public trusts on the lines of the Port of London Authority.

SNAPS FROM HOME

About 1500 sets of photographs are sent each month to members of the Forces serving overseas by the 2000 amateur photographers who have so far enrolled in the YMCA Snapshots-From-Home League.

This League, formed in the last war, has been brought once more into being, because the need for it is greater than ever, in sending "picture memories" of home and loved ones to the serving lads far away.

Many a soldier has had his first glimpse of a new son or daughter through a League snapshot.

A FADED SPLENDOUR REAPPEARS

Twelve years before William the Conqueror came in 1066, a star appeared in the sky which the Chinese astronomers called the Guest Star, because it was so bright and unexpected. The ancient Chinese records of AD 1054 say that it was visible by day, like Venus, but brighter, and lasted like that for 23 days.

Our present-day astronomers now know that this dazzling apparition was a Nova (New Star) which lasted with fading splendour for a year and then was seen no more. But it did not truly disappear. It has been found again, though it is no longer a star but an enormous mass of gas, the so-called Crab Nebula, which, to tell the truth, does not resemble a crab in the least, but when found by a good telescope is like a potato. It is visible north of Orion; and, strangest of all, the explosion happened about 3000 B.C. and its light has taken all those centuries to reach us.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

THE PLANTER

EVERYTHING is helping in the war that will plant something a little quicker or drive in two nails instead of one.

We saw not long ago a mechanical cabbage-planter at work, a marvellous machine, which runs along the field, makes a groove, drops a cabbage into it, packs up the soil round it, gives the cabbage a drink of water, and passes on. Thousands of times an hour it does this thing on our friend Mr Hynard's cabbage patch, and we could not help thinking how much better this mechanisation made in England is than the mechanisation of murder made in Germany.

The Others

A notice in a Yorkshire military establishment reads:

ROMAN CATHOLICS will parade at 09.45 hours, Church of England at 10.00 hours, and other demons at 10.15 hours.

To Parliament

PARLIAMENT is meeting again. May we commend to it this word from John Milton?

Lords and Commons of England, consider what a nation it is whereof ye are the governors—a nation not slow and dull, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to.

Filling Up the Forms

WE feel that we may introduce our readers to the case of a paper-mill manager we know. He has enough to do to try to find stuff to make his paper with, yet he informs us that if he goes away for a few days the forms waiting to be filled up when he comes back will take him a week.

It seems a sort of pity to be making the paper after all.

JUST AN IDEA

It is very true, as the old proverb says, that if you do not do better today you will do worse tomorrow.

Under the Editor's Table

A MAN says his garden is full of promise. Surely he has room for a few vegetables?

AN auctioneer spent fifty years selling old masters. Many school-boys had wondered what became of them.

HITLER wants Russian oil. To pour on troubled waters?

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know how to make an umbrella stand. Lean it against the wall.

Peter Puck
Wants to Know



If knowledge
grows on a
wiseacre

A Golden Opportunity

ALREADY autumn is approaching and another wartime winter is on its way. What are we going to do with the hours of darkness?

Two things we know will handicap us in the coming months. One is the necessity of staying at home more than we might normally do in peacetime, for the Blackout and the importance of cutting down expenses are bound to be some restriction. The other is the fact that, owing to the acute paper shortage, still fewer new books will be on the stalls.

Necessity may be opportunity, and those of us with any time to spare as the longer nights advance might well turn again (or turn perhaps for the first time) to old books long unread. There is indeed before us a golden opportunity for reading some of the truly fine literature of our land, books

which we may have forgotten or overlooked in our haste to keep pace with books of the moment. It is true that novels by Scott and Dickens are not in the style of today, but for that very reason they may be all the more refreshing; and at any rate they carry us in imagination into a world quite different from ours.

To read some of the classics this winter, to walk, as it were, with Thomas à Kempis or Robert Louis Stevenson, to return to Tennyson and Wordsworth, to let John Ruskin show us a new vision of beauty, to adventure with Chaucer to Canterbury or with Bunyan to the Celestial City, this is to gather the true riches of literary inheritance, to turn to good account the very misfortunes of our time, and to find new enjoyment among old and never-failing friends.

To DEAR ENGLAND

This is an advertisement intended to catch the eye of any Englishman who happens to be on duty in Australia now. We hope he will look in at Farmer's Store if he should need anything.

DEAR ENGLAND,

You are Dear England to us, although many of us have never seen you save through our parents' eyes. For all that, we know you well—well enough to love you in a family sort of way that enables us to see your glories and feel reflected pride; to see your faults and to understand them; to hear your battle cry and make your quarrel ours.

You are more in our bones than in our history books.

Perhaps that is why we are critical of you, sometimes. We

expect so much of you. Just as we used to think our Dad could beat any other two men with one hand.

When you were in danger, the September before last, we suffered with you. We felt that every historic building blasted was a personal loss. We fought in spirit alongside your heroes because they were guarding something precious and irreplaceable. We lived again all our dreams about a trip home.

Nowadays it's our gate the enemy is thundering at, nowadays it's our home that's threatened, and we want you, Mother England, to know that the breed that built the Empire still holds good. We won't let you down.

FARMER'S STORE, Sydney

SAD NEWS

It is pathetic to read this from the German High Command:

We cannot depend on anybody else. Every one of our allies has his own fish to fry—the Italians, the Japs, and the Balkans.

How sad that they are not willing to die for Germany.

The Quiet Roads of England

FROM A WALKER

IT is an ill-wind that blows no one any good, and the war, terrible though it is, has certainly given us one blessing we never expected to enjoy again. Traffic on our country roads is less than it has been for years.

The other evening one or two of us strolled along a highway between fields of golden corn, a highway linking two important towns. For nearly an hour we had the road to ourselves. A bird we could not see chirped now and then in the hedge. We heard the distant clatter of a reaping machine. Once a cyclist came riding by, and once we heard the musical clipperty-clop of a horse's hoofs as a trap came into sight, the farmer smiling as he passed. "Fine evening," he called out.

It was all like the days before cars, the early days of this century when life was quieter, and when our winding roads were safe for all on foot.

Are We Downhearted?



At a Harvest Camp in Essex

Letters During the Breaking of Nations

From The White Cottage. Letters in Wartime. By Sydney Walton. (Epworth Press. 5s.)

OF the making of books on the war there will be no end, but to posterity those will be the most interesting which come from the battlefield itself. Never was a war in which so many stood in peril of their lives.

Other generations have been spectators of our wars. This is the first generation of our people for 300 years to know war close at hand. What are we doing and thinking with this dire event possessing us from morning till night and night till morning? What will the future say of the 45 million people who lived year after year in the valley of the shadow of death?

When the historian picks up Sydney Walton's book he will know that the most remarkable spectacle in human history was the spectacle of a nation calmly carrying on its life while fire and death fell from the skies and its very existence was threatened.

This is a book of the quiet life, which nothing can disturb because it is anchored in the eternal verities. Mr Walton is an energetic journalist whose hobby is the Hospital on Harrow Hill, so that it will be understood that he is in close touch with events. He reads "the documents of the day," but does not allow them to consume his life, for he tells us in a noble phrase that he must also

learn what the centuries have to say in contrast with the hours and the days.

One of the most widely and wisely informed men of our time, he is made up of eternal rather than transitory things. If we could open his mind and take it to pieces we should find in it the spirit of Shakespeare, the Bible, Wordsworth, the fields and lanes of England, the love of a chimney corner, the song of the nightingale, the stirrings of great music, starry nights and almond blossom, and the Hospital on Harrow Hill.

He thinks that Berlin and Berchtesgaden is all in Macbeth, and that the choice which we must make today is between the wild beasts and the ministering angels of the Forty Days in the Wilderness. His letters are full of such suggestiveness and inspiration. They are written with a rare sensitiveness to the fine things of the spirit, and they cover the whole period of the war. Those who are tired of the way they themselves see these things would be well advised to see them through Mr Walton's glasses.

It is characteristic of Mr Walton that every sixpence made out of this book is to go to Harrow Hill Hospital, so that his Letters not only enrich our minds and lift up our hearts but enrich his Hospital too. They are a double blessing, and we wish them a multitude of friends.

OUR 20 CENTURIES—THE ELEVENTH

The Invasion That Proved a Blessing

MANY hardships for the English followed the change which from 1066 onwards gave them Norman kings. Most of the nobles and smaller landed proprietors had been deprived of their lands, which were given to Normans. These new masters were, many of them, hard upon their tenants and serfs. Military service was enforced upon them, and they were made to pay more than they had paid before for their holdings.

But one consequence of the Conqueror coming was an advantage to the people—it gave the Crown more power, and so helped to consolidate the nation. It kept in check the little sovereigns who tried to make themselves all-powerful in their own districts. William the Conqueror made the king's courts all-powerful everywhere. He would not let the nobles set themselves above the law; he gave all freemen—for there was still that shameful distinction between free and not free—the chance to appear on

equal terms with any other subject, and to demand justice.

Many checks he invented to prevent the barons from setting up their authority against his, and, although he did this for his own benefit, he benefited the people at the same time. In time, as we shall see later on, the power of the Crown had to be severely repressed. It became a hindrance to national development not less great than the turbulence of the barons had been. But at this time it served a really useful purpose.

William ruled sternly, but he "made a good peace in the land so that a man might journey through it with his bosom full of gold," as an old chronicle tells. He put an end to the trade in slaves and abolished the punishment by death. So, on the whole, the eleventh century's gift may be said to be the Norman Conquest, though at the time it seemed to many a disaster and something like the end of English history.

TWELFTH CENTURY

The Coming of Francis of Assisi

WE have seen how road-making and laws, how a central authority and a national Church, helped to build up our civilisation.

Now we come to a gift which the world received in the twelfth century, and which contributed full as much to make us what we are as any that had gone before or that came after. It was Francis of Assisi who first sent a voice round the world bidding men recognise in all living creatures their "little brothers" instead of regarding them as mere "brutes." To that voice the world has listened more and more attentively as the ages have lengthened out. Today the name of Francis of Assisi is remembered with reverence and gratitude. To him is chiefly due the kindlier feeling towards animals which has grown steadily and become one of the distinguishing features of our time.

Francis was a well-to-do merchant's son. Until he was about 24 he lived as other young men; then suddenly changed his ways, put off fine clothes, wore ragged

garments, gave himself up to the service of the needy, especially the lepers. He determined that he would always be poor, like his Master, and in everything set himself to follow His great example; no one, it may be said, has ever lived in the public eye so Christlike a life. For while he begged his way and did much penance, yet he was always light-hearted. He obeyed literally St Paul's exhortation: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say Rejoice."

He was a poet in acts, his tenderness embraced all living creatures; he even praised God for our "sister water" and our "brother fire," and he had so original, so compelling a manner of speech, that he drew after him a vast number of followers, and early in the 13th century founded the Franciscan Order of Friars—which soon, however, gave up his precepts—and left behind so sweet an incense of affectionate memory that his influence has gone on increasing since, even among those who have never heard his name.

The Master Architect

A LONDONER was lamenting the other day that the bombing of his garden had left him with no soil to cover an immense quantity of big stones the bombing had brought to light. His listener, a man of science, bade him comfort himself with the knowledge that he was exhibiting a marvellous page from the ancient records of geology.

The stones in the garden are not London stones; London has no deposits of stone. The valley in which the garden lies, the scientist pointed out, was cut millions of years ago by glaciers of the Great Ice Age. It was a glacier that brought the stones from the North, perhaps from Cumberland or Westmorland, perhaps from Scotland, or possibly from Norway. The stones were picked up by the glacier in the course of its southward thrust, became part of it,

and travelled with it, like objects gathered by a snowball in its journey down a hillside. Some part of the glacier rested in the valley it had carved out, and there warmth gradually melted it, leaving the water to run away into the Thames and the stones to remain at rest on the land.

Whence, then, the soil that had so long covered them? A tiny river, scouring its bed for hundreds of thousands of years, and bringing down earth with it, deposited its load at the lowest point of its course, adding grain to grain until the entire valley, with its ice-borne pebbles and boulders, was covered to an average depth of 18 inches.

So the glacier carves out the valley with its icy knife, the river follows and washes down the soil, and what we call a beautiful landscape is brought into being.

CARRY ON

The Great Motherland of the World

EURASIA (Europe and Asia together), with an area of two-fifths of the land of the globe, is the most varied and interesting division of the earth's surface.

Off its shores lies the greatest ocean depth, and its continental portion contains the culminating height, the vastest mountain area, and the most extensive plains in the world. Every temperature and climate is represented. It is probably the original home of the human race and by far the most densely populated portion of the globe.

No enduring civilisation has ever originated outside its borders, for the great commonwealths of the white race in other continents are but applications of principles discovered by the pioneer people of Eurasia.

Eurasia, moreover, has been the cradle of all the exalted religious faiths, and thus in every sense it is the great motherland of the world.

A. J. Herbertson

HISTORY SPEAKS

THERE is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all:
Where it cometh all things are;
And it cometh everywhere.

I am owner of the Sphere,
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord, Christ's heart, and Shake-
spear's strain. Emerson

The Best Way to Live

THE cheapest way to live is to live well within the limits of exhaustion. Fatigue is good, exhaustion bad. Many live healthily and wisely in a way that would kill others. That life is easiest that is most in harmony with its environment. The Self-Educator

WE HAVE REIGNED AUGUSTLY

WE, too, shall pass; we, too, shall disappear,
Ev'n as the mighty nations that have waned
And perished. Not more surely are ordained
The crescences and the cadences of the year,
High-hearted June, October drooped and sere,
Than this gray consummation.
We have reigned
Augustly; let our part be so sustained
That in far morris whose voice we shall not hear
It may be said: *This Mistress of the sword
And conquering prow: this Empire swain with spoils,
Yet served the Human Cause, yet strove for Man;
Hers was the purest greatness we record;
We whose ingathered sheaves her tilth fore-ran:
Whose Peace comes of her tempests and her toils.*

William Watson

The Mighty Minds of Old

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead;
with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead;
anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.
Southey

They Cannot Die

I HAVE been a reader and buyer and borrower and collector of books all my life. It is more important that your work should go on now than it has ever been at any other time in our history: in a very literal sense you carry upon your bookshelves the light that guides civilisation. I need not labour the contrast between the estate of books in the free democracies and the estate of books in countries brutalised by our foes.

We all know that books burn—yet we have the greater know-

ledge that books cannot be killed by fire. People die, but books never die. No man and no force can abolish memory. No man and no force can put thought in a concentration camp for ever. No man and no force can take from the world the books that embody man's eternal fight against tyranny, of every kind. In this war, we know, books are weapons; and it is a part of your dedication always to make them weapons for man's freedom.

Mr Roosevelt to American booksellers

WHEN I AM GONE

You will grow old; ah, yes,
my sweet,
Grow old, and I shall be no more.
Time flies for me now far more fleet
Than in the days that I deplore.
Live when I'm gone, if God so will,
But to my teaching still be true;
And by your fireside falter still
The songs I used to sing to you!
You whom I taught to weep for France,
Tell those who then her banners bear
How *Glory* was my utterance
And *Hope* when hers was all despair,

While Fortune, in a night turned chill,
Our laurels never ceased to strew;
Yes, by your fireside falter still
The songs I used to sing to you!
My dearest, when my frail renown
Soothes sometimes your declining hours,
When with a trembling hand you crown
My portrait every spring with flowers,
Look up where safe from age and ill
We'll meet at last beyond the blue,
And till we meet, ah, falter still
The songs I used to sing to you!
Pierre Jean de Béranger



We Two in a Berkshire Meadow

SACRIFICE OR LUXURY?

How a Million Pounds a Day Runs Away

BY LORD KINDERSLEY

VICTORY will not come to this country by talking victory and by making the V sign. It will only come through effort and sacrifice, and the extent of the sacrifice which we shall be called upon to make before victory is ours is, alas, quite undreamt of by many.

I therefore ask each one of you by your actions, by your daily life, to help to create such a public opinion as will make the careless spender hang his head in shame.

It is quite evident from information that reaches me from many centres throughout the country that unnecessary expenditure is going on on a dangerous scale. I just want to quote you one figure which will give you some idea of what is happening.

At the present rate of consumption the expenditure of this country on tobacco amounts to three hundred and forty millions a year, nearly a million pounds a day.

But it is not so much a question of money. What worries me is the absorption of labour and material in the shape of the transport, not only of the tobacco but of all the wrappings of the tobacco, and of its ultimate distribution throughout the country. I ask you to consider for a moment what this transport means, and I would ask you one question only: does such a figure as this, spent on what, after all, is a luxury—does such a figure as this disclose self-indulgence?

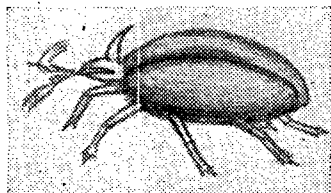
A Pilot in Cecil Rhodes's Country WHAT HE HAS SEEN

A sergeant in the R A F who has been training for his wings in Rhodesia has sent us some interesting notes from the diary he kept last

year of his observations on natural history. We give these passages from his diary, together with three of his excellent pencil drawings.

Sept. 7. This morning we set off early to explore the local mountain. It is approximately 9000 feet above sea level.

We struck across country towards the bush, which stretches for miles along the foothills,



Rhinoceros beetle

Half an hour or so later we saw smoke rising among the trees, and in another mile, through a break in the trees, great flames could be seen sweeping towards us. We retreated at a racing speed.

At a turn of the track we stopped to get our breath and bearings, and discovered that the fire was following us at a greater speed than ours. We altered our course 90 degrees to cut across the fire path.

Birds of many kinds flew noisily overhead, and small deer raced ahead. We took this as a good sign and kept on, but found we were heading for the long grass again. We crashed our way through, hoping for the best, and our luck held.

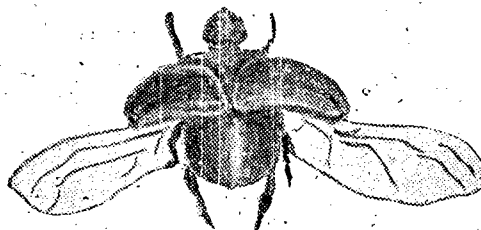
Once through the grass we felt safe enough to rest awhile. Half a mile away dense smoke was rising near the track we had been following.

Sept. 8. The flying instructor sent us both up solo, so we flew round the whole area. Quite twenty square miles lay blackened and parts still smouldering.

Sept. 28. Elementary training finished ten days ago, and six of us were granted leave to visit Victoria Falls. An old car was our means of travel over 150 miles of mostly barren scrub into Northern Rhodesia. Our hostess at Livingstone acted as guide for us. The Falls are magnificent and impressive, yet the immense game reserve attracted us most.

Giraffe, antelope, deer, buck, and zebra paid no attention to either us or the car, even when we stopped to snap them. The artful monkeys, however, raced up the trees and made disagreeable noises from the branches.

Oct. 8. The whole sky was suddenly darkened today by a great cloud of insects, millions of them, with flocks of birds feasting on the wing. The storks,



Elephant beetle in flight

which are resident on the aerodrome, were very busy.

These birds are white storks or great locust birds, 48 inches long (bill 7 inches, shank 8½ inches), all white except the back, which is black. Hunt insects during the day, roost in trees at night. Their hunting often ends in tragedy, because they fail to make allowance for the air currents set up by our planes, with the result of collision and death.

Besides the storks, large numbers of hawks were diving into the mass of locusts. These birds are yellow billed kites, 21 inches long. The locust is a great favourite with these most graceful flyers.

What a great pity it is that these birds also get caught in our engines and are sometimes found embedded in our wings! The complaints of the mechanics are loud and colourful when this occurs.

Oct. 20. The locust swarms have all passed over the station without pause, but we have experienced a number of other insect swarms which stayed with us. One day flying ants made the whole place look black. The planes were spotted all over with them. They were nearly an inch long, with soft bodies, very unpleasant to touch.

Yesterday I had to walk through a mass of insects which had settled on the drome. When I returned from the flight I looked for them again, as I wished to examine one more closely, but every one had disappeared. In appearance they seemed a mixture of dragon-fly and bee.

One curious action I did note was this, the moment they

settled on the ground they cast their wings and began to wriggle about. No one saw them go or knew why they went.

Nov. 21. What a fine place for nature study! This morning I saw a rhinoceros beetle, quite a fearsome-looking creature about two inches long. The head is small in comparison, with a hard, slightly curved horn.

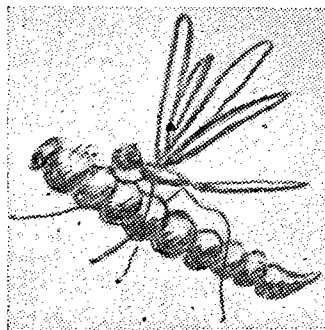
Nov. 26. We experimented today with an elephant beetle. So many stories of their immense strength have been circulated that we decided to see for ourselves. We chose one nearly three inches long and placed him on the crew-room table. My! This fellow pushed a C and D calculator in its case across the table for a distance of three feet; with the case the instrument weighs approximately two and a half pounds.

These beetles look curious when flying, so unwieldy and ugly. Their wings, which reach as much as a five-inch span, are folded in three when tucked under the wing cases.

Nov. 27. Ants and more ants. Varying from three-quarters to an inch in length. What a to-do they would cause at home! Centipedes are also outside. I have measured some five, six, and seven inches long.

Nov. 28. Many moths are now on the wing, and I saw a very thin fly carrying a huge caterpillar. Aircraft designers would say it was impossible. We saw also a praying mantis. This is the only insect I have seen with streamlined headlamps for eyes.

Dec. 16. Heavy and almost continuous rains have brought a terrific number of bull-frogs,



Thin fly carrying a big dinner

seven to eight inches long, with voices to suit.

Chameleons are also numerous, owing to the increasing number of flies. It is great fun to pick one up. It immediately puffs out its body and then opens its mouth wide and expels the air with a great Ugh! Trying to scare you. Their colour changing is interesting. Suppose one is settled on a brown object and is transferred to white. The first change is brown, mottled with slate grey. Gradually the grey spots increase in size until the whole body is a dirty white.

My training is now completed and I am leaving here. Rhodesia has taught me many things besides air pilotage, and I shall have many happy memories.

HITLER ROBS THE TILL

Conquered Countries Pay For Their Own Slavery

IT has been calculated that the Nazi Gangsters have robbed Norway of £400,000,000, nearly twice the nation's income.

So the Plunderers grow rich on their conquests. By this seizure of public money in all the oppressed countries Germany has added hundreds of millions of pounds a year to her own income; but the most terrible of her financial crimes is that she is making the people pay for their own enslavement by heavy taxes and levies.

We do not know the figures up to date, but in September 1941 the Nazis were taxing the countries they have enslaved at least ten times as much as the Allies taxed Germany for bringing about the First World War.

For ten years Hitler complained that the conquerors of Germany in 1918 tried to beggar her by making her pay impossible sums.

The sum she was asked to pay was £125,000,000 a year, barely £10 for every German family.

The sum she was taking last year from the countries she has invaded was at the rate of nearly £1200,000,000 a year, about £60 per family if we count four to a family.

So the slaves of the New Order pay for their own slavery. So Hitler robs the till to pay for his crimes and to pave the way for the conquest of the world and the enslavement of mankind.

BRAZIL

WITH the declaration of war by Brazil the cause of the allied nations gains the adhesion of the greatest nation of South America, whose area, as we hardly realise, is 3,286,000 square miles, or considerably greater than that of the United States. The population of Brazil is over 40 millions.

Fortunately for the world, Brazil has always encouraged immigration from Europe, the chief countries furnishing the immigrants being Portugal, Spain, Italy, and Germany. The number of British immigrants has been small. It is a notable fact that Brazil has made special efforts to encourage immigration from Japan, allotting them special areas for settlement. We may gather that that is why Brazil has not declared war on Japan.

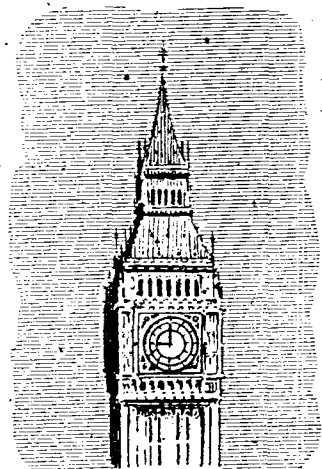
The settled districts of Brazil are Portuguese in character and language, but taking it as a whole the great population is marked by an extensive mixture of races. German settlements have been established in the south which have preserved the language and customs of Germany, and where German cities, German schools, German churches, and a German press were established. After the First World War (when, as now, Brazil was on our side) the Brazilian Government took steps to modify this position and to compel the use of the Portuguese language.

In some parts of the interior of Brazil aboriginal Indians still live in pristine savagery. Brazil, indeed, is a country in which life varies from luxury in the great towns to aboriginal life in the depths of the world's greatest stretch of forest.

BEDTIME CORNER

Sing This When the Siren Goes

It was very dark, and Peggy didn't know what time it was. The siren had wakened her, and she wished the All-Clear would go.



She wasn't afraid. Of course she wished there had been no siren, but she had learned a little song her father sang one night. It went to the tune of Big Ben's chime, and the words were easy to remember. It was that song she sang quietly to herself as she lay and waited for All-Clear.

One evening her father had turned on the wireless to get the nine o'clock news. He was a few minutes early, and heard what most of us hear then. Big Ben struck nine heavy strokes; but before that it played a little tune, and father began to sing his song on the very first note of the chime, and finished on the last. This was Father's Song:

*O Lord my God,
Be Thou my Guide;
And through this hour
Keep safe Thy child.*

Peggy remembered that song from the first time she heard it, and now she can often be heard singing it when old Grandfather Clock chimes out. She was listening for the clock as she lay awake in the dark, but before it struck the All-Clear sounded, and then almost immediately old Grandfather Clock sent out his own chimes.

As it did so Peggy began to sing, not her daddy's song but her very own; it seemed to come into her head all at once. This was Peggy's Song:

*Now close your eyes,
There goes All-Clear;
Then early rise
And have no fear.*

The Children's Newspaper, September 12, 1942

These Dear Old Ladies

IN most Government offices today a number of quite old ladies are working as temporary clerks.

They have replaced the girls and younger women called up into war-industry and the Services, and though many of them have never worked in their lives before outside their homes, they are today among the most industrious and obliging of our public servants.

Some of these war-recruits are nearly 70, though you would never guess it from the way they work. Their hours are long; an 8-hour day five times a week and a 6-hour day on Saturday. They come in sharp at nine, often after an hour's train journey, and never leave before six, and then, after a hard day's toil, they travel back, arriving home at perhaps half-past seven to prepare an evening meal.

They are up in the morning at six-thirty or seven, sometimes after a night of gunfire, but they never come to work late and never complain. It is always, "What can I do for you?" to their colleagues, or "Certainly; I'll attend to that at once."

People who wonder how these women who toil so hard can be so bright and cheerful do not realise that they have never been happier in all their lives.

They are not well paid; but that does not matter to them.

Their work of fetching and entering up files, dealing with letters, and running about from pillar to post for anyone is not of a particularly exalted or even interesting character, but that too does not matter.

The fact is, that for the first time these old ladies are directly serving their country. Without them the war effort would be hampered to quite an appreciable extent. They know they are releasing younger hands for sterner tasks, and this is their chief reward.

No wonder they are happy, even when they are tired out at the end of a long day. They know they are wanted, and they are so obliging and helpful that some Government Departments are wondering how they will do without them when peace comes.

They may have sons and daughters on important war jobs, grandsons and grand-daughters in the Services, and left alone in their little houses and flats and hotel rooms, with nothing to do, their life would be much emptier.

But their country is in danger, and they have pushed and pushed at the doors of employment until a place has been found for them all—a useful place and a happy place.

£80,000 Given Away

THOUGH our old friend Whitaker's Almanack has apparently not heard of the Pilgrim Trust, most of us know of the wonderful work it has been doing for nearly a dozen years, and the 11th annual report shows that the stream of its beneficent influence goes on. In 1941 the Trust gave £80,000 and more away to help on some of the good movements struggling through in this country.

As CN readers know very well, the grants made by the Trust are made with wise judgment, with a view of helping organisations of unquestioned service to the community. This year one of the ideas the Trust has encouraged has been the provision of Quiet Rooms for soldiers at YMCA Huts and Army Study Centres—both admirable causes; and new grants made to the CEMA (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) have brought the Trust's total help to this movement up to £50,000. It is a noble record, and has made it possible, among other things, for the Old Vic Company to take good plays into mining villages and cotton towns.

Britain's Changing Face

The scheme for a recording of the changing face of Britain by well-known artists has also been greatly helped, as well as War Relief Funds for the Poles and the Fighting French, the Indian Comforts Fund, and the fund for supplying educational books to Prisoners of War. Few of us realise the tremendous work involved (or the expense of it) in meeting the needs of our Allied guests, but the grants of the Trust have helped in such cases as bringing stranded wives from neutral countries, supplying midday meals in London for strangers, providing a club for men on leave from warships, and so on. They have helped also with many peacetime movements which must be carried on, such as training schools for cripples, and Social Service work in various places.

It was Mr Edward S. Harkness, the beneficent American citizen, who founded the Pilgrim Trust, wanting to do something to mark his admiration of the service of this country to mankind and to stimulate the national spirit; and nobly has his dream been fulfilled. He, being dead, yet speaketh, and his work lives after him in one of the noblest organisations carrying on while civilisation rocks and reels.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

A member of the Fighting French Forces now in England, recently received a letter from a friend in France. The letter denounced Laval in unmeasured terms, and, after expressing his feelings with great candour and much bitterness, concluded: "But I am afraid this letter will never pass the censor."

When the letter arrived it was found that in small writing at the foot of the letter the censor had written:

I am of exactly the same opinion.

Turn the Light Off

Round the Battlefields and on to New York

MORE than five thousand people attended a striking manifestation of French-American friendship in New York.

Long before the opening time the crowd was pressing against the doors of the Manhattan Centre, filling the hall and taking possession of the boxes. They were awaiting Mrs Roosevelt, whose forceful presence invariably uplifts all hearts. They were also awaiting Mademoiselle Eve Curie, just returned from a long and adventurous trip on the world's battlefields.

At the appointed hour Conrad Thibault intoned the Star Spangled Banner. Then with her smiling graciousness, so characteristic of her, Mrs Roosevelt emphasised the exceptional interest of the journey of Eve Curie, paying tribute to the courage and extraordinary endurance of this great Frenchwoman. Then Mlle Curie, in clear and flexible tones, speaking faultless English, began her narration, and her story for two hours or more held the immense audience spellbound.

Rapidly changing from the serious and the stirring to the picturesque and amusing, Mlle Curie developed, as with a painter's brush, a huge fresco of the War of the Five Continents, beginning with her stay in the desert of Libya, then speaking at length of her investigation on the Russian Front, analysing with much clarity the military problem which confronts China, and the impassioned politics which

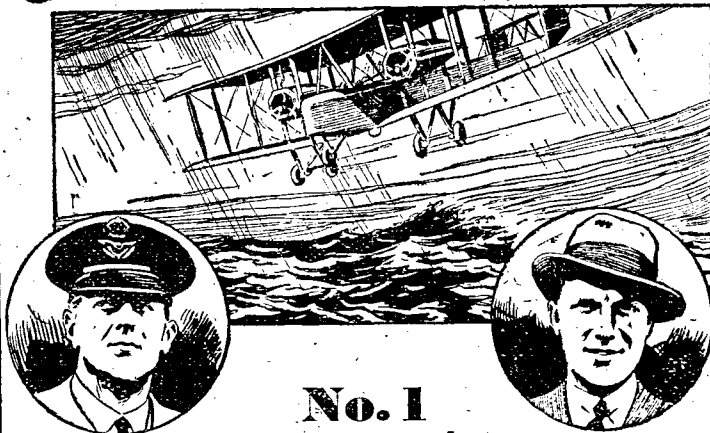
disunite the India of Gandhi. Perhaps the most stirring phase of her story was when she described her meeting with the Fighting French soldiers and her stay in liberated Syria. In front of the immense red, white, and blue of the French flag, Eve Curie spoke of the 100,000 men of General de Gaulle who will save the honour of France. She pictured the heroic adventure of the men of Bir-Hacheim, who during sixteen days knew how to repulse victoriously the attack of the enemy tanks and planes.

"Among the flags which will pass at the end of this evening," she cried out, "I beg you to render homage to this Tricolour of the Cross of Lorraine, which is the flag of the men of Bir-Hacheim."

A tremendous ovation greeted these words, and the same ovation arose, warm and glowing, when Mlle Curie affirmed that the Fighting French had obtained the recognition they prize the most: Germany has recognised the Fighting French soldiers; she has recognised in them the soldiers of Joffre and of Foch.

When the beating of the drums announced the end of the meeting, groups of former combatants of the Allied Nations crossed the hall, preceded by their flags, and took their places on the stage in silence.

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 1

Captain Alcock and Lt. Brown

The first men to fly the Atlantic direct



On a sunny morning in mid-June, one year after the Great War ended, two young Air Force officers stepped out of a plane in the middle of a field in County Galway on the west coast of Ireland. They had just completed the most adventurous flight in history, something that no men in the whole world had ever done before—flown nearly 2,000 miles across the watery wastes of the Atlantic Ocean in just over 15 hours.

Their plane was a Vickers-Vimy, powered with two Rolls-Royce Eagle engines (perhaps you've seen it at the Science Museum in South Kensington).

And here's an interesting fact. Fry's Chocolate was the chief solid food they ate on their journey. There's proof (if you've ever needed any!) that Fry's Chocolate is just solid nourishment in a delightful form.

Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave men in their hazardous quests

NEXT WEEK'S CHILDREN'S HOUR

The Otter Who Came Back, a story by Phyllis Kelsey, will be read by Mac in the programme which opens at 5.20 p.m. on Sunday, September 13. This will be followed by a feature from Moulton, Schoolchildren as Farmers.

At 5.20 on Monday there will be a Welsh Nursery Circle, which will include songs and a story for very little people. At 5.30 The Four Clubmen will be singing some folk-songs; and at 5.40 two children will ask Mr Aspiden to explain some Nature problems.

On Tuesday at 5.30 Manchester schoolchildren will be giving a programme of folk-songs, with Dale Smith and the BBC Northern Orchestra.

Number 13 of Martin Armstrong's attractive feature, Said the Cat to the Dog, will be given

at 5.20 on Wednesday; and at 5.45 an officer of an Airborne division will tell all about his first parachute jump.

Your Cousin and Loving Servant, being Part 3 of the Prisoner of Zenda, will open Thursday's programme.

On Friday there is to be another Matilda Mouse story by Dora Broome. It is Matilda Goes to the White House, and it will be told by Wilfred Pickles, with songs by the Three Semis. At 5.45 Stephen King-Hall will be talking on World Affairs.

Children's Favourite Tunes, played by the BBC Scottish Orchestra, will open the programme for Saturday, September 19; and that will be followed by a story by Ida Rowe, The Conceited Cock, read by Moultrie R. Kelsall.



Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramp-

ing or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs', which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

BRAN TUB

NEW BOY

TEACHER: What is your name?
New Boy: Billy Binks.
Teacher: Have you not forgotten the "sir"?
New Boy: Sir Billy Binks.

Proverbs About Words

GOOD words cost no more than bad.
Few words, many deeds.
Smooth words make smooth ways.
Better one word in time than two afterwards.
Better a good word than a battle.
A word hurts more than a wound.
Soft words win hard hearts.
A word spoken is an arrow let fly.

Ambition

A LOCUST with wing-power to spare
Flew up and still up in the air.
"I'm a locust no more,"
He exclaimed, "for I scar—
They must call me a highcous
down there!"

SAFETY FIRST

A FARMER'S wife, while visiting London, took her first ride in a taxi. The speed made her rather nervous, and she noticed with growing alarm that the driver frequently held out his hand as a signal to following traffic.

At last she said to the driver: "Young man, give more attention to your car, and watch where you are going. I'll tell you if it starts raining."

ARCH

The poet Schiller wrote this verse, Can you guess what he means?

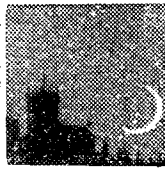
A BRIDGE weaves its arch with pearl
High over the tranquil sea.
In a moment it unfurls
Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship, with swelling sail,
May pass beneath its arch with ease.
It carries no burden, tis too frail,
And when you approach it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes.
And what it is made of nobody knows.

Offer

MR BLACK: "That is a dreadful cold you have! What are you taking for it?"
Mr White: "I'll take anything you like to offer. Do you want it?"

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening no planets are visible; in the morning Venus, Saturn, and Jupiter are in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past seven on Sunday evening, September 13.



Do You Live in Penzance?

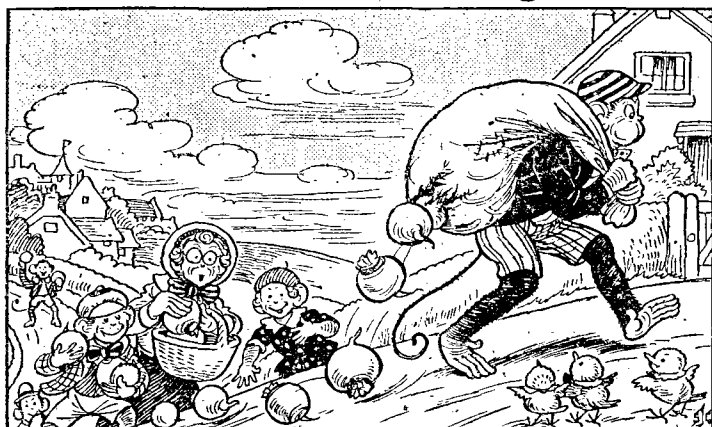
THE original spelling of Penzance is pedu sans, and the meaning is holy headland. Possibly there was a monastery or hermit's cell here in olden times.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Word Changing
Tear, rate, rat,
tar, tear, tea, eat,
ear, era.

FLUID	SAP
AIRS	DONE
DOCT	TRATE
NECT	AR
O	RAM
P	PALATE
ENEMY	OAF
REAP	FARE
AWL	LADLE

Jacko Can't Do Right



JACKO had been sent into town to fetch a sack of turnips. "It's heavy, sonny," said the greengrocer. "Can you manage?" "Rather!" replied Jacko, swinging it over his shoulder. But the way home was up a long, steep hill, and very soon he began to groan under the weight. To his surprise it suddenly grew lighter. "Getting my muscles in form," grinned Jacko; "that must be it!" But it wasn't. There was a hole in the sack, and one by one the turnips were rolling out!

Out of 'Date

THE schoolmaster was annoyed. "Kenneth," he said, "this is the second time you have not prepared your lesson on Hamlet! Surely you have got a volume of Shakespeare's plays at home?" "Yes, sir," replied Kenneth, "but I'm afraid it's not much good. It is only an old edition, published in 1932."

GARDENING HINTS

MR PUCK (Peter Puck's papa) says cabbages should be taken to market in a cab, potatoes in a pot, and carrots in a car. Tom ought to take the tomatoes, and a goose should carry the gooseberries. Strawberries should be packed in straw, and horse-radish should be kept in a stable. Scarlet runners would, of course, run to market.

Young Peter says lettuce hope it will be so, and suggested a turn round the turnips and a short spin around the spinach; and, talking of gardening, said he wondered why you couldn't see the legs of a cabbage that runs to seed.

MATERIALS FOR WAR AND PEACE

Boy. Isn't it strange that a great country like the United States should find it difficult to obtain all the raw materials she needs? She has three million square miles and I always understood that her resources were magnificent.

Man. It is not difficult to understand if we realise that the terms we have always used in such matters are purely relative. It is perfectly true that the United States has splendid resources of natural wealth given her by Nature, but that does not necessarily mean that she can suddenly produce all that she needs for such a war as has never been fought before making such a sudden drain on manufacturing. If you read that America is short of steel, that could mean, not that America lacks coal and iron ore, but that in time of war she finds herself called upon to make ships, planes, factories, tanks, guns, on a scale never before dreamed of.

It is very important to understand this, because every nation ought to be producing in peace very much more than is now wanted even in war; there is much talk of making all men in all countries prosperous when peace comes, but if that is to come about we shall have to raise the standard of production all over the world and discover fresh resources.

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Does anyone know what the world's resources are?

Man. The answer is that, while a number of partial investigations have been made, the information collected is incomplete and in many respects unsatisfactory. There are two lines of investigation. The first relates to supplies of foods and materials such as cotton, wool, and wood. Here, of course, the limitation is the extent of the world's cultivable land, and the supplies of nitrogen to secure the flesh-forming food for animals, including mankind. Here we must note that the deserts are great in area and that man is actually making them greater every day, as though he cared nothing for the future. At the present rates of consumption and replanting we should in a comparatively short space of time lack the timber we need, for it takes a small forest to produce the paper required to print two million copies of a big newspaper. These are dangers which we can avoid by taking thought, but we are not yet taking enough thought.

Boy. That is to speak of living things, foods and materials that can be grown or cultivated. What is the second line of investigation you spoke of?

Man. It is the all-important mineral world which furnishes inorganic materials which have no seed-time and harvests. This so-called dead world is our greatest danger, for it is concerned with fuels, metals, and minerals which are priceless to mankind and without which we can make little or no material progress. We may sum it up by saying that the world has not yet revealed to us sufficient for our needs; and that what is known is distributed with extraordinary inequality, so that many lands lack all but meagre supplies, while even the relatively rich lands are not actually rich. These things being so, there is a call upon us all to examine carefully the world in which we live and to establish the means to reveal, to conserve, and to prevent waste of products.

Boy. So that this subject is far more important in peace even than in war? It seems to me that, when great nations are actually hunting for waste supplies, even looking into dustbins, we must think twice before promising ourselves a too-easy time after the war.

Man. You are right. To safeguard the future, to protect all peoples from poverty, we have good need to agree together to use the world's wealth wisely and well.



Night—lost on the moors: "A cottage," said Mary, "Let's seek defamation." "Information, you mean," groaned Roger. "But steady..." Two men approached the cottage—knock—knock—pause—knock—pause—knock—knock—and went in.

"Queer knock—queer people—and perhaps a queer cottage!" said Roger. "Let's watch." They peeped through a chink in the cottage black-out. Suddenly strong hands grabbed the boys—but Mary bolted! Roger and Jim were dragged into the cottage.



The boys sat, tied to chairs. A monocled Nazi questioned them. "So! you won't say why you spy! We make you talk, ja." But, with three jerks, Jim jumped his chair against the table and—upset the lamp. The oil caught alight and soon the flames spread.

"Donnerwetter!" screamed Monocle. "The cottage burns. We will be found." "That's the idea," crowed Jim. Then, in the confusion, Mary crept in and cut their bonds. Swinging their chairs, the boys fought like tigers.



Suddenly khaki figures filled the room. Men of the Home Guard, seeing flames, had come to the rescue. Monocle and his three thugs were overpowered and led away. Papers on them proved them to be spies.

After committing the men for trial, the magistrate said to the Three Mustardeers, "I must express the Nation's gratitude to you young people. It was your plucky action that brought these miscreants to justice."



"Mustard is the hero of most 'inside' stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck— isn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard."

COLMAN'S MUSTARD